

Ugly, Rich,

he marries a Babe.
Things swim a time.

Then, both shop about.
She, no fool, hogties
him legally. So...he gets

her offed. Reached out
of town, sobs buckets
at awful "news." Cops

nab morons he had
entrusted rapidly. They

sing like the chorus at
The Metropolitan. Outside

his trial, Babes United For
Death--or her sisters--
jam TV's 6 O'Clock Report

with HD makeup and hair.
Prosecution slides couple
on the stand. Nothing

to do with law; everything with
blondest beauty, grieved. They
cry, of course. Defense: no ques-

tions, knowing jury despises
their frogish client further if
dams really burst. Two kinds

of murder trials: wry,
laconic lynching, &

circus. Guess.